

## ASKED IF SHE LOVED JOHNSON, SCHREIBER GIRL SAYS SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

The most dramatic moment in the trial of Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, came late yesterday afternoon.

Belle Schreiber, the white girl whose relations with Johnson led to his indictment, was on the stand. Johnson's attorney, Benjamin C. Bachrach, was questioning.

The girl told how she was born to respectable parents in Milwaukee; how she had been straight until she was 19 years old; how she had worked as a stenographer in Milwaukee and had been happy.

And then of how she had come to Chicago and had heard the call of the white lights and the lure of that place of horror that so long was Chicago's shame, the Everleigh Club, and had entered it.

"You loved Jack Johnson, didn't you?" asked Bachrach.

The red blood flooded the girl's face. Johnson leaned forward, staring at her, hanging on her answer. It was evident he would be deeply hurt if it were not yes.

The girl stared at him for a moment, then looked at his negro friends. But she did not answer.

"Didn't you love Jack Johnson?" Bachrach repeated.

The girl's head dropped.

"I—I don't know," she said. "I don't think—I did. I don't believe I know what love is. I don't think I ever was in love."

"If you did not love Johnson, why did you go with him, why did you call him up on the long distance 'phone when you were put out of the Painter sisters' dive in Pittsburgh?" asked Bachrach.

"I gave myself up to Johnson for financial reasons," said the girl, slowly. "I wanted clothes and jewelry and financial backing. It wasn't for cash so much."

"Why did you call him up from Pittsburgh?" repeated Bachrach.

"I called him up because he was the only person I could call up, because I had lost all my friends through him. I was an outcast even in the dives because I was Jack Johnson's sweetheart."

Bachrach appealed to the court for permission to talk to the witness.

"She is in the custody of the government," he said, "and I have had no chance to talk to her."

Assistant District Attorney Harry Parkin, who is conducting the prosecution, said that if Bachrach applied to the district attorney's office for permission to talk to the woman the application would be considered.

"I'd like to talk to her tomorrow morning in Judge Carpenter's chambers in the presence of the bailiff then," said Bachrach.

"The court, without wishing to appear unduly fastidious, must request that you take the witness somewhere else for your talk," interrupted Judge Carpenter.

Johnson walked over to Assistant District Attorney Harry Parkin.

"Can I talk to you for a minute, Mr. Parkin?" he asked.

Parkin turned his back.

"I don't care to talk to you, Johnson," he said.

Earlier in the day the white girl had told the court how her association with Johnson had made her a pariah, even in the lowest dives.

"I was driven out of disreputable houses in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and other cities," she said. "They didn't want me because I was Jack Johnson's white sweetheart."

"They were bad places these I was in, some of them were very bad. But, bad as they were, I was too bad for them and they wouldn't have anything to do with me."

"What did you do when you were driven out of a house?" she was asked.

"It meant that I was practically